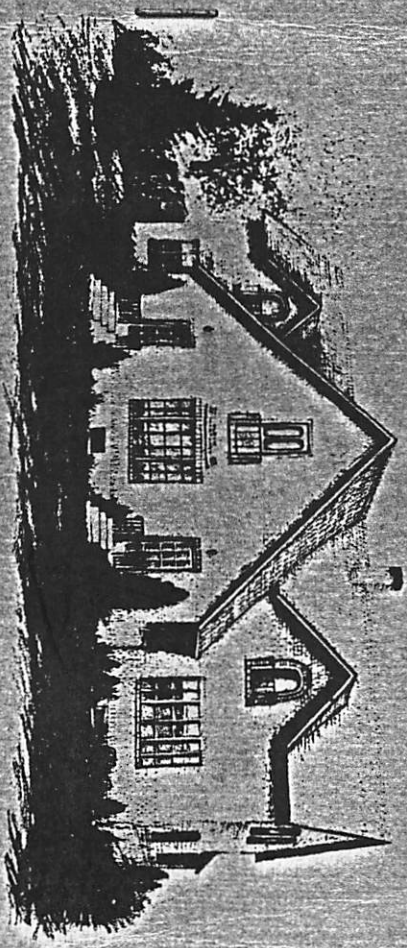


When There's Love



Short History, Poetry and Prose of

JOSEPH OLPIN

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of
JOSEPH OLPIN

Wave Publishing Company
1976

FORWARD ...

This book had to be. Throughout Dad's life he viewed things with the eyes of a poet; thus, when he expressed himself on paper, that was the form his words took. Our one regret as we have worked on this book has been that he did not express himself more often. We would love to have recorded more of the choice childhood memories that this work has triggered.

As pointed out in the dedication, Mom has truly been the inspiration for this book. We feel she has done this in the following ways:

Numerous references have been made in the poems themselves to my "Swede" or "blind, brown eyes", etc. It became obvious to us that Mom was never far from Dad's mind.

Mom was the one who personally requested help in preserving Dad's work for posterity, for which we are most grateful.

During the many hours we have spent on this work, we have been continually "inspired" by her reminiscences and clarifications as to meanings hidden from our knowledge and understanding.

We acknowledge the great help of Inazelle Olpin Knight in the complete preparation of the history section of this book; Mary Olpin Wasden for her devoted proof-reading; and Richard Guy Olpin for the various and sundry items that needed to be taken care of, including prodding us now and then.

As for us, we are most grateful for the privilege we have had to bring this work to fruition. It has truly brought great joy and unexpected blessings.

Audrey Olpin Haight
Clara Olpin Snell

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To Mom ...
the inspiration for this book.

HISTORY OF JOSEPH OLPIN

Joseph Olpin was born September 24, 1897, in Pleasant Grove, Utah, to Edwin Dee and Inez Robison Olpin. He was the fourth of eight children—Lacy, Lewis, Ann Bell, Joseph, May, Emma, Roy and Donna. He was blessed as a baby, baptized and confirmed at the age of eight. He was ordained to the offices of the Aaronic Priesthood according to his age and worthiness.

Joseph attended schools in Pleasant Grove until his high school graduation in 1916. During his high school years his interests seemed to center around social activities and especially in parties and theatrical productions. During his "growing-up years," he was taught the value of work as he and his brother peddled produce from their farm and orchard with their father weekly to Bingham Canyon by wagon.

Following ordination to the Melchizedek Priesthood in 1916, he served a two and a half years mission to the Northern States. As soon as he returned home he joined the army. Part of his training was done toward the end of World War I at the B.Y.U. in the field of officers' training. When he was discharged from the army he chose to remain at the B.Y.U. where he studied accounting for three years. During this time he was ordained to the office of a seventy. Joseph was very active in the studentbody and church activities.

One night while at a high school dance in Pleasant Grove, he met a special girl. Now he had apparently been quite a lady's man. It seems that all he needed to do was look at a girl and she would swoon. This girl was different and gave him the cold shoulder. Finally after much trying, he courted and won Violet Larsson, whom he married December 21, 1921 in the Salt Lake Temple in a double ceremony with his brother Lew and Margaret Joseph.



Joe and Violet's first home was her mother, Elsa Larsson's house, since she and Violet's sister, Elsa, had moved to California. Two years later, they bought their first house where their first three children were born—Joseph Edwin (Ted), October 23, 1923; Inazelle, December 5, 1925; and Mary, March 21, 1927.

Joe worked with his father and brother, Lew, on the family fruit farm in Pleasant Grove and peddled throughout much of the state.

Both Violet and he were active in church and civic activities. He was elected to the Pleasant Grove City Council and was one of the original directors of Strawberry Days. He served as first counselor in the Alpine Stake Mutual under President W.W. Warnick. On April 24, 1927 he replaced his father as bishop of the Pleasant Grove First Ward. His father had served as bishop for 25 years prior to his death. After serving for 14 months as bishop, Joe was released and again called to serve under President W.W. Warnick, this time as first counselor in the Timpanogas Stake Presidency in June 1928.

After his father's death his brother Lew and he acquired

the fruit farm, their father's undertaking business, and a fruit spraying outfit with which they did custom spraying. In the fall of 1928, it was decided that they needed further employment so after much studying and prayer Joe Olpin and his family came to Heber on October 4, 1928. Here they opened a mortuary.

They bought a home from Joseph A. Rasband where they lived in one room until the Rasbands moved to their newly-built home next door. This was their home for the next forty-one years. These years were busy ones, with remodeling to make the place adequate for business and family (six more children were born to them—Betty Jane, February 12, 1929; Richard Guy, May 25, 1931; Clara, December 1, 1932; Audrey, May 20, 1935; Violet, October 1, 1937; and June, June 16, 1941.)

In Heber they became interested and active in church and civic activities. Joe served as a Volunteer Fireman, City Councilman, and was U.S.O. Finance (County) Chairman, County Fair Board Member and many committees of city and county improvements and planning. In the church he became Stake Superintendent of the Sunday School and on September 7, 1930 he became Bishop of the Heber First Ward, where he served for 14 years.

Following being Bishop he served in many and varied activities: a member of the Stake High Priest Presidency, Ward and Stake Special Interest Leader, Chairman of the Ward Building Finance Committee, member of the Ward Building Committee, Ward Teacher, Chairman of Stake Farm Financing for registered stock, Stake High Councilman over the Genealogy, and has been active in the youth programs of the church. He served as District Chairman of the Wasatch Boy Scouts, as well as being advisor to the Heber First Ward Priest Quorum. He received his Honorary M-Men Award on April 25, 1959.

Joe supplimented the mortuary income by working for D. T. R. (Dixon-Taylor Russell). Since there were no floral

facilities in Heber, in 1931 Joe installed a floral shop in his front hall and operated this for six years. They expanded their business to include Roosevelt in 1948 and Park City in 1952. They had the ambulance business for 37 years.



Joe and Violet raised their family to maturity and saw them all married in the temple. Before the last child, June, was married, however, they were called to the Northern Indian Mission in October 1965. After only ten days, they had to return home due to blindness in Violet's eyes. The following year was a testimony to all as Violet adapted to her handicap and Joseph recovered from back surgery, strokes and near death. On November 1, 1966, they left for a re-assigned Texas mission where they fulfilled and completed an honorable, humble mission and were released on November 1, 1968. They then returned to Heber, and following much prayerful contemplation as to where they would reside, they built a home across from the mortuary, where they moved in July 1969.

Violet and Joe's children are all living except for Betty Jane who died October 9, 1962. They have 58 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren.

Joseph Olpin died on February 18, 1975. He was loved by all who knew him.



[1] DECORATION DAY 1930

As now we stand at Father's grave
United, loving all,
What tribute can we pay to him
Since death has made its call?

Think back, my dearest Mother,
Think back, his children, too.
Let's live again in memory
Some things he used to do.

'Tis morning at the Olpin home,
Say twenty years ago.
Father's gone out to feed the stock
While Mother lit the glow.

'Tis six fifteen, but Mother says
Thru open hallway door,
"Lew, Bell! Get Up! It's eight o'clock!"
(A little fib, not more.)

Now seven-thirty says the clock
At last we're all downstairs,
I can't recall a single day
We missed our family prayers.

The meal now over, Father says,
"The leather on Old Doll,
Ma, Sal Trout's very ill, they say
And needs a morning call!"

As they get in the buggy seat
To go on errand blessed—
"My boy, you didn't (2) cuff that mare,
Please go and cuff the rest!"

Let's pass what's on while they are gone
Or Lew might feel chagrin,
(3) And Ted and Jean might overhear
And act like me and him.

It's "load up day" for Bingham Camp
We've got to kill the veal,
And pick the frys, and bunch the beets,
And grease the wagon wheels,

And go to Bishop Cullimore's,
And to the depot, too,
And candle eggs and pick rhubarb.
We never will get through.

"Lew, find a hammer! What is that?
You've hunted 'til you're done?
(4) Well, pick it up just any place.
(5) Ma, where's my milkweed gum?"

It's getting dark—(6) "Light here, Light here!
The nose bags, chicken box,
The sack of grain (yours need one Lew)
Ma, where'd you put my sox?"

It's night in Bingham, beer is passed,
The men are telling tales.

They go from bad to vulgar ones,
My ears are sharp as nails.

"My boy, it's time to go to bed,"
(It's only half past eight)
"God bless our loved ones while we're gone,
Guide us and keep us straight."

These are the words, and many more
He whispers in my ear
As we pray in each other's arms
For fear the boys would hear.

We're to Aunt Vi's, just coming home—
See Bell and little May
Come running out to meet and ride.
He never tells them "nay."

He always had some candy, too
Or pine nuts and some (7) bloaters
For him and Bee and mostly Ma,
She dearly loved these floaters.

Now Father's feeling at his best
To get back home, and so
He proves it by that (8) stunt of his
I hated long ago.

He comes up back of me and says,
"My boy! That's one good trip!"
He proves it when he sticks his thumb
Up underneath my lip.

It's evening at the Olpin home,
We gather 'round the fire.
He wants to sing—We want to read
Or play, but does he tire?

With May and Emma on his lap
He sings a song or two.
In fifteen minutes we're all in

And coax for more—none new.

We listen to the "Rocking Chair,"

"I fell and broke my thumb,"

"My corduroys" (once in a while)

That's not so nice to hum.

"Let Lower Lights Be Burning," now

"Far on Judea's Plains,"

"I Am A Mormon Boy" the next

While Mother sews, and rains

Her tears of gratitude to God

Who gave her such a man

To lead her on, to save her flock,

With love—the surest plan.

They never, ever whip at all

Yet their's was law supreme.

Could we but learn how it was done

How splendid it would seem.

(9) When Lew is bound for Idaho

Both wealth and fame to win,

They take him in the north bedroom.

(I'm glad we listened in).

For Father hands to him his (10) purse,

"No tramp, a son of mine!

Go like a man. Go get your fill,

The home is ever thine."

The power of godliness, I guess,

That bold, impulsive youth,

Breaks down and cries, "No, I'll not go,

Forgive me!"—that's the truth.

When little (11) Dick comes in our home—

Then comes the biggest test,

To stretch their heartstrings over him

And put him with the rest.

But, do they do it? Listen now

As Dick's train pulls away—

"The hardest child I ever sent."

I heard our Father say.

If you all shed a righteous tear

And feel your heart strings pull

As tenderly as I do now—

You'll be happy! Hopeful! Full!

I love you all—respect you, too

And pray that we might live

These few, short years to Father's arms

Most joy to him to give.

(1) A tribute to Edwin Dee Olpin given at graveside Memorial Day services. He had passed away Dec. 20, 1926. Memorial Day was the birthday of his wife Inez Robison and from this particular Memorial Day has become the traditional family reunion for their posterity.

(2) Cuff the mare refers to currying.

(3) Ted Olpin and LuJean Olpin were cousins that were toddlers at the time this poem was given—and didn't need to know all the tricks of their fathers.

(4) When someone couldn't find something Grandpa's comment was always, "Just pick it up any place."

(5) Milkweed gum was a gum that Grandpa always made by taking the milk from milkweeds and boiling it down. Not very tasty we are told.

(6) Light here, light here—refers to someone calling for a light to be shone on this spot or that.

(7) Bloaters. These were smoked fish that Grandma hated with a passion.

(8) Grandpa had a trick that the children really didn't like at